

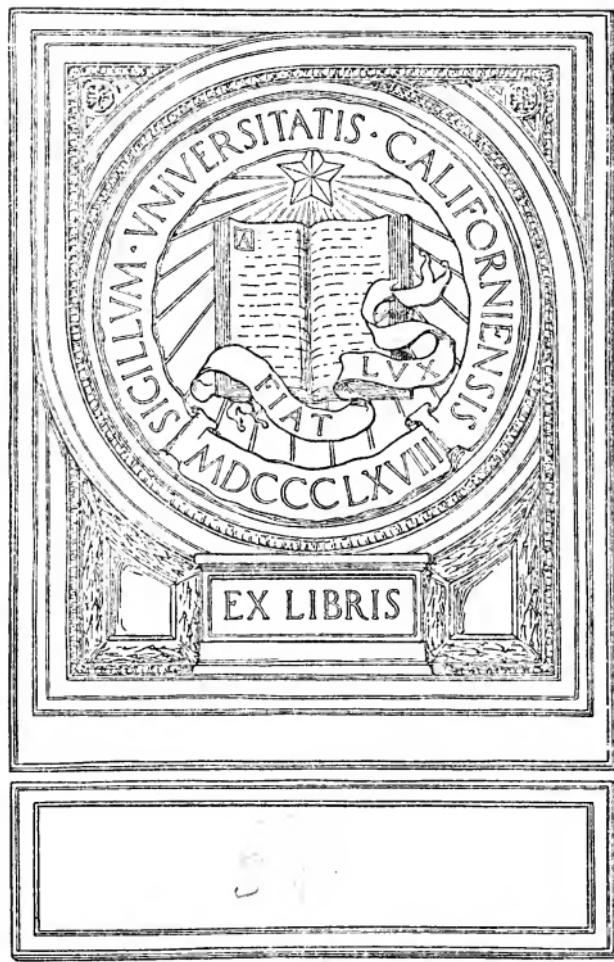
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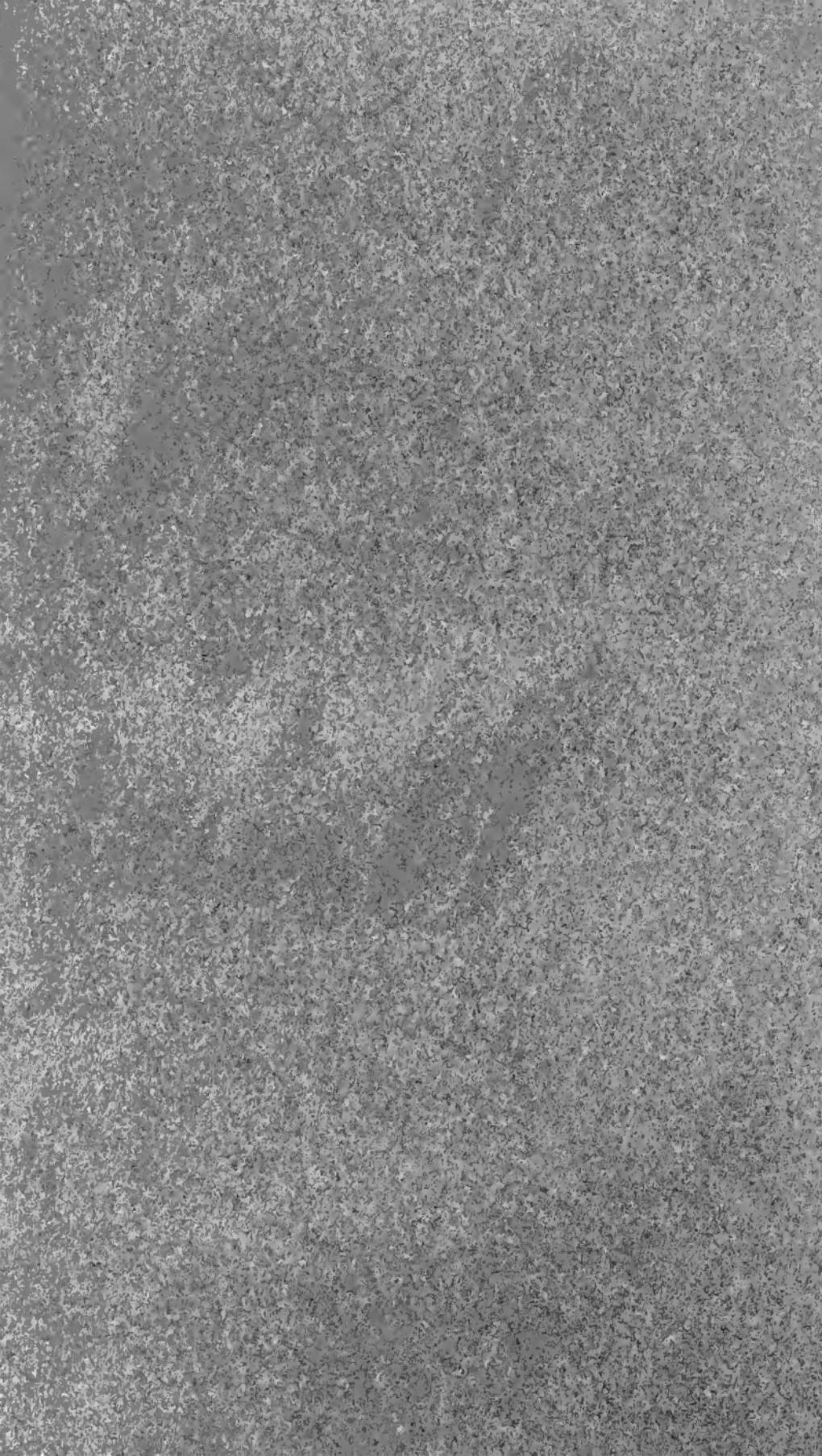
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ST. PATRICK's DAY;

OR, A

TRAGICO-COMICO FAREWELL

TO

LORD M——A

BY

DR. M*LLS's GHOST!!!

"Take any shape but that."

MACBETH.

"See, my Lord, it comes."

HAMLET.

"I do remember an Apothecary."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

—
LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. MORTON, 272, STRAND,

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1813.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Saint Patrick, the God of Irishmen's Idolatry—Feast at the London Tavern—A *Grand Dinner* likened to *Death*—“ Begone Dull Care”—A *Noble Earl*—Saint Paul's tolls One—Banquet-scene, *not in Macbeth*—An *audible* Speech to an *invisible* Ghost—The sight of Goblins spoils digestion—A Bell rung, and why—A sudden *Exit*—*Irish Patriots* against a post—A scene in *St. J—s's Place*—A case of Doubt—Two Comparisons—“ *Darkness visible*”—A noble Earl's *Night-cap* described—A Scarecrow—*Don Quixote*—A Ghost in a *Wig*—A Speech, not made in the H—e of L—rds—Ghosts “ should speak when spoken to”—*Gaffer Thumb* and *Fanny of Cock-lane*—Ghost's never “ to tell tales out of school”—*Truth's a Libel*—A curious scene, something between *Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce*—A glass broken—An “ *If*”—Cock-crowing—Conclusion.

第十一章

W. H. G. - 1900

What's Next?

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TRAGICO-COMICO

FAREWELL, &c.



IT was on *St. Patrick's* Natal Day,
When *Shamrocks* look so green and gay;
When *Erin's Sons*, where e'er they rove,
Think on the land they dearly love,
And, as their sparkling glasses smile,
Drink blessings to “*The Emerald Isle!*”*

The *London Tavern* open threw
Its doors unto a motley crew;
Where rich and poor, and high and low,
As to Earth's Heaven press'd to go:—

* See a beautiful Poem, under the above title, by Mr. PHILLIPS.

A sort of heterogeneous jumble,
 Into which any man might tumble,
 Who chose that day to claim, by birth,
 Ireland—his “native nook of Earth.”
 Nobles and beggars elbowed there,
 As in *St. Bartlemy’s* full Fair ;—
St. James trick’d out with scents and smiles,
 Sat down to dinner with *St. Giles* ;
 And many a Peer beside him reaches
 To help the man who *made his breeches*.*
 E’en *Death* itself, the Saint and Sinner,
 Can’t level more than a *Grand Dinner* !

* It was at a former Anniversary of Saint Patrick, that a worthy Irish Nobleman, thinking he had some recollection of the person that sat next him, politely requested his name, when the man, who happened to be his Lordship’s Tailor, awkwardly whispered—“ My Lord, I *made your Breeches* :”—“ Oh ! *Major Bridges*,” cried his Lordship, “ I’m very glad to see you,” and immediately shook the astonished *Knight of the Thimble* heartily by the hand, to the great diversion of those who knew his real character.

Around the festive table late,
 Nobles and Gentles jovial sate,
 While wit and wine, and toast and song,
 Drove care away and time along.
 High on the Chair's right hand was plac'd
 The EARL, with *blushing honours** grac'd;
 Whom *Erin* lov'd, in early youth,
 To praise for *Constancy* and *Truth*,
 But whose *Ambition*, now full sail,
 Upon his native land turns tail,
 And careless of all pledges past,
 On scorn'd *Hibernia* looks his last !

Time's hour-glass now its round had run,
 And grave *St. Paul's* had just toll'd *One*!

* JUNIUS somewhere speaks of the “blushing Honours” of Sir Wm. DRAPER, a Hero, who, like a certain Nobleman of the present day, ventured, with chivalrous gallantry, to *volunteer* his services in defence of his *Patron*, and, like the same Noble Personage, concluded his adventure by bringing *disgrace* on his own character, and casting *doubts* on that which he had sallied forth to vindicate.

The waiters all had left the room,

And candles 'gan to feel a gloom,

While many a *Thief** in lofty station,

Was seen committing *Peculation* !

When M——A cried,—“ Can such things be ! }

What in the D—'s name do I see ? ”— }

“ Pray what ? ”—Cried all the Company ; }

For they saw nothing but themselves—

A set of merry-making elves,

Brim full of wine and void of trouble,

Who *nothing* saw, or else saw *double* ;

Some *on* the table and some *under*,

But nought to move their “ special wonder.”

But M——A more disorder'd grew—

His stock look'd black, his beard look'd blue ;

His epaulets all shook with gold,

His eye-balls in their sockets rolled,

* i. e. in the Candles.

And like our *Somersetshire* friend,*

“ His hair”—good Lord!—“ *stood all on end!*”

“ Come like the *Russian Bear*,” he cried,

“ And thou shalt boldly be defied;

“ Come like a Bull—a Dog—a Cat,

“ *Take any—any form but that!*”†

“ What form, my Lord?” the *Tories* cry,

“ What form, my Lord?” the *Whigs* reply;

But he, not heeding their quandary,

Exclaims—“ Out, vile *Apothecary*!

“ Shake not thy powder’d wig at me, Sir;

“ For if thou dost, by **GEORGE**, d’ye see, Sir,

“ Before *Conant* I’ll have thee taken,

“ Nor shall the P——ss save thy bacon!

* Mr. LETHBRIDGE, late Member for Somerset.

† The sharp-sighted Critics of the North may probably find a strong resemblance between his Lordship’s speech and that of *Macbeth*, on a similar occasion.

“ Better unto thy *pestle* stick,
 “ Or beat thy *mortar* for *Old Nick*!
 “ Hence, thou weak, wretched, whey-fac’d varlet,
 “ Who fear’d to swear against a h——t :
 “ Scruples of conscience—a fine story,
 “ Off, Doctor, off to *Purgatory*!
 “ There may the D—I daily purge’ē,
 “ Without the *Benefit of Clergy*,
 “ Whilst thou shalt hourly cry *peccavi*,
 “ With not a single *Mass** to save’ē !

* “ *Purgatory* is said to be between the centre of the Earth and its superficies. One of the greatest torments of the Souls in *Purgatory* is said to be in seeing their friends and relations on earth spending their money in follies and luxuries, which should buy *Masses* for their repose.—The heat of the fire in this imaginary place has been frequently regulated; it has been made higher or lower, as the Priests stood in need of better wages for the *Mass*. The fire has been usually judged at eight degrees, being double that which they give out as the heat of Hell, the latter having been fixed at four degrees. *Purgatory* is said to contain ‘ Eight Apartments,’ suitable to the different ranks of this world. Souls are prayed out of one apartment into another; and what is more curious, some good Catholics will pay

“ Away, Sir, without further question,
 “ Nor dare to spoil a Lord’s digestion !
 “ Hence, thou vile mummy—quit my sight, Sir ;
 “ Or take an oath that *black is white*, Sir !
 —“ Thank God, he’s gone—my dread and bane,
 “ And M——A is himself again !”

The Party with amazement heard,
 But could not understand one word ;
 What he had seen they could not tell,
 For they saw nothing but the bell,
 Which now his Lordship fiercely rung,
 And from him then impatient flung :

to get them out of the *Beggar’s* one degree of heat, into the *Merchant’s* intenser fire, merely for the sake of giving them better company. The Pope is a kind of Governor, and Priests are his *Quarter-Masters*, who billet the Souls according to the terms of payment.—One Mass empties Purgatory of its club of Souls, and another forces them back, or by a pretended vision, declares that they had never escaped.”

*Extract from a curious Article on the “ Catholic Claims,”
in the SUNDAY REVIEW, of Feb. 28, 1813.”*

The waiters come—he silence breaks,
 And thus, in solemn accents, speaks :—
 “ Order my carriage ! ”—instantly,
 At his high bidding, lo ! they fly.

Down stairs his Lordship slowly goes,
 Following, as Statesmen should, his nose ;
 (For Statesmen as the world well knows, Sir,
 Are *led for th'most part by the nose*, Sir.)
 Now see him in his carriage sitting,
 With flambeaux all around him flitting ;
 While *rogues* and *drabs* and *demireps*,
 Are hankering about the steps ;
 Smack goes the whip, round go the wheels,
 And *link-boys* halloo at his heels !

The Company now seem'd much shrunk,
 Some *fast-asleep*, and some *dead-drunk*,
 Some still their *darling Saint* were roaring,
 While others *thorough-bass* were snoring.

Here *Irish Patriots* homeward reel,
 Resolv'd to save the Common-weal ;
 While, being *Natives*, 'tis no wonder,
 Their *legs* sometimes commit a *blunder*,
 And as they of their valour boast,
 Break their own *heads* against a post.

And now Lord M——a, like a shot,
 Home to *St. James's-Place* has got ;
 There, as he gravely shakes his head
 And waves his hand, he cries—“ To bed ! ”
 Himself, with solemn step and slow,
 Unto his Lady's room did go :
 As stripp'd he stands, he stands in doubt,
 Whether *to put the candle out !*
 So Princely Volscius stood, I ween,
 When doleful, doubtful, he was seen,
 Whether 'twere best, for “ Honour bright,”
 To put the *left boot* on or *right ?*

And gallant CHATHAM, too, I guess,

Felt no less doubt—no less distress,

When close to *Flushing* he was got,

And fearing he should go to pot,

Long doubtful stood, amidst the pother,

Whether to move this leg or t'other !

At length plac'd by his trembling hands,

The taper in a corner stands,

And twinkling, throws around the room,

Just light enough to shew the gloom* ;

But yet, whatever folks may think,

His Lordship could not sleep a wink :

Whether in *conscience* or in *belly*,

His grievance lay, I cannot tell'e.

His eyes, at length, were almost closing,

And he had doubtless soon been dozing,

* His Lordship's bedchamber seems to have bore some resemblance to that of a certain *Infernal Personage*, which a great Poet describes as "*Darkness Visible!*"

When in great terror and affright,
 He bolted in his bed upright.
 His *night-cap* stuck one side awry,
 Look'd like a child's clout hung to dry ;
 His *chitterlin* all in disorder,
 Seem'd as if he had done some murder !
 With haggard eye and lanthorn jaws,
 He might have acted with applause,
 That famous Hero of Romance—
Knight of the Woeful Countenance!
 Or like a scarecrow, all forlorn,
 Might long haye guarded fields of corn :
 At first glimpse of his Lordship's head,
 The boldest sparrow would have fled,
 Nor would the most *undaunted crows*
 Have dared to perch upon his nose !

At his bed-foot a figure stood,
 Which look'd not born of flesh and blood :

Its coat seem'd brown—its waistcoat too—
 Its breeches black—its stockings blue ;—
 The likeness of a *wig* it wore,
 And in its hand a *pestle* bore,
 Which, ever and anon, it shook,
 With an unutterable look !—
 Then would it give a ghastly grin,
 And (dreadful !) stroke its *double-chin* !

The Noble Earl, without conjecture,
 Soon recogniz'd the self-same Spectre,
 Which, at the Tavern, did so scare
 His Lordship's noble head of hair !

The Earl was shiv'ring with the cold
 But desperation made him bold ;—
 So he the horrid silence broke ;
 (His teeth all chatt'ring as he spoke)—

" *Be thou a spirit of health,*" quoth he,
 " *Or goblin damn'd, I'll speak to thee!*
 " Com'st thou with Drops from Heav'n, or Pills
 " From Hell—pray answer, Doctor M--LLS ?
 (For he had now found, to his cost,
 That it was *Doctor M--lls's Ghost!*)
 " Why at this dread hour of the night,
 " Dost thou thas fill me with affright?
 " Throw physic to the dogs ; for I, Sir,
 " Sooner than drink a drop, would die, Sir :—
 " Lotion or Potion—Gargle—Glyster,
 " Pill—Drop—Draught—Julap—Bolus—Blister,
 " Although you may, perhaps, think it odd, Sir,
 " I'll not touch one of 'em, by G—, Sir !
 " I've neither Dropsy, Gout, nor Phthisic,
 " So d—n you, Doctor, and your Physic !"

The Ghost then gave a dreadful groan,
 And M——A, answering with a moan,

Cried—“ Prythee, what’s the matter now, Sir ?
 “ Why, what a *Quiz of a Ghost* art thou, Sir ?
 “ This mummetry will never do,
 “ For Ghosts should speak, when spoken to ;
 “ And e’en the Ghost of *Gaffer Thumb*,
 “ Would sooner sing than stand quite dumb ;
 “ And she, of *Cock-lane*, mischief-hatching,
 “ Would plainly speak her mind by *scratching* :—
 “ So, Doctor, pray, resolve my doubt, Sir :
 “ And tell me what thou’rt come about, Sir !

“ *List !* ” then exclaim’d the Ghost, “ *Oh ! list !* ”
 (And here it shook its bony fist,
 While its lank jaws, with shakes and quaver
 Rattled like *marrow-bones and cleavers* ;)
 —“ A Tale, Sir, I could tell, would harrow
 “ Up the dull soul of a *wheel-barrow*,
 “ And make it, with sad mournful twinges,
 “ To creak with horror on its hinges !

" But 'tis, you know, with Ghosts a rule,
 " Never to tell tales out of School ;
 " For he, who thus is once caught tripping,
 " Is sure to get a cursed whipping ;
 " And doom'd to some fresh task or pain,
 " Can't get a holyday again !
 " Pluto's Attorney-Gen'ral, rot him !
 " Would shake his wig, and soon be at him ;
 " While Lord Chief-Justice Minos, swearing,
 " Would say such things there was no bearing !
 " For Truth's a Libel, you know well, Sir ;
 " As 'tis on Earth, so 'tis in H—l, Sir !
 " Of that no more :—now mark, my Lord,
 " And listen, without saying a word.
 " Dost thou remember not the day,
 " When I thy summons did obey,
 " And habited as I am now,
 " At your own house first made my bow ?
 " With what attention was I treated !
 " With what politeness was I seated !

" Your Lordship *smil'd*, and *smil'd*, and *smil'd*,
 " And look'd as harmless as a child :—
 " Then, with a simper, hop'd, forsooth,
 " That I would tell you the whole truth.
 " The truth I told—why should I fear it ?
 " But with what pain did you, Sir, hear it !
 " Then for your Lawyer gravely went,
 " To *cross-examine* me intent ;
 " But L—wt—n*, learned in the Law,
 " In my Reports could find no flaw,
 " Nor from my lips *one falsehood* draw !
 " Look, M——A, look :—nay, do not start, Sir ;
 " See what was passing in thy heart, Sir!"—

The Ghost then shew'd a magic-glass,
 Where various figures seem'd to pass :—

* A Lawyer well known in the Courts of the *T—mple*, and who is supposed to have more *Female Clients* than any other *Practitioner* of that honourable profession. Some of our Readers may remember his name during the celebrated Investigation of a certain *Royal Duke*, in whose behalf he very kindly undertook to prove that one *Parson Williams* (who gave some unlucky testimony against his Illustrious Patron), was *out of his senses*.

WESTMINSTER-HALL it look'd to be,
 Fill'd with a mighty Company :—
 A LADY there stood at the Bar,
 Whose face Earl M——A glanc'd from far ;
 “ Good God ! ” cried he, “ and can it be ?
 “ Take it away—I will not see.”—
 “ But see thou shalt,” the Spectre said,
 And M——A felt an unknown dread !
 The Magic-glass now turn'd anew,
 And a high *scaffold* rose to view :—
 Again the LADY met his sight—
 Again he shudder'd with affright,
 And groan'd in dismal agony,
 The *Executioner* to see !
 The *block* was ready—and he stood,
 Prepar'd to shed her R——l blood !

" Hold !"—M——A cried, and forward bent,
 " Hold thy rash hand—*She's Innocent !*"
 The very instant that he spoke,
 The Magic-glass to atoms broke !
 " What have I seen ?" he ask'd and sigh'd,
 " What might have been," the Ghost replied,
 " If—but I hear the cocks a-crowing
 " Give warning that I must be going ;
 " But now, before I part from thee,
 " Take my *Advice without a Fee* :—
 " Ne'er sell for gold what gold can't buy,
 " Nor barter Truth for Treachery ;
 " And as thou sitt'st in Eastern State,
 " Beware CLIVE's crimes and HASTING's fate !
 " But lo ! thy Lady wakes, I see ;
 " So now—Farewell !—*Remember me ! ! !*

FINIS.







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